Truth brought to Light. OR,

Wonderful ſtrange and true news from *Glouceſter* ſhire, concerning one Mr. *William Harriſon*, formerly Stewart to the Lady *Newel* of *Cambden*, who was ſuppoſed to be Murthered by the Widow *Pery* and two of her Sons, one of which was Servant to the ſaid Gentleman. Therefore they were all three appprehended and ſent to *Glouceſter* Goal, and about two yearsſince arraigned, found guilty, condemned, and Executed upon *Broadway* hill in ſight of *Cambden*, the mother and one Son being then buried under the Gibbet, but he that was Mr. *Harriſons* Servant, hanged in Chains in the ſame place, where that which is remaining of him may be ſeen to this day, but at the time of their Execution, they ſaid Mr. *Harriſon* was not dead, but ere ſeven years were over ſhould be heard of again, yet would not confeſs where he was, but now it appears the Widow *Pery* was a witch, and after her Sons had rob'd him, and caſt him into a Stone Pit, ſhe by her witch-craft conveyed him upon a Rock in the Sea near *Turkey*, where he remaind four days and nights, till a *Turkiſh* Ship coming by, took him and ſold him into *Turky*, where he remained for a ſeaſon, but is now through the good providence of God returnd again ſafe to *England*, to the great wonder and admiration of all that know the ſame. This is undenyably true, as is ſufficiently teſtified by the Inhabitants of *Cambden*, and many others thereabouts.

To the Tune of, *Aim not too high.*

AMongſt thoſe wonders which on earth are ſhown,
In any age there ſeldom hath been known,
A thing more ſtrange then that which this Relation,
Doth here preſent unto your obſervation.

In Glouceſterſhire as many know full well,
At Camben Town a Gentleman did dwell,
One Mr. William Harriſon by name,
A Stewart to a Lady of great fame.

A Widdow likewiſe in the Town there was,
A wick wretch who brought ſtrange things to paſs,
So wonderful that ſome will ſcarce receive,
Theſe lines no more nor yet my words believe.

But ſuch as unto Cambden do reſort,
Have ſurely found this is no falſe report,
Though many lies are daily now invented,
This is as true a Song as ere was printed.

Therefore unto the ſtory now give ear,
This Widdy Pery as it doth appear,
And her two ſons all fully were agreed,
Againſt their friend to work a wicked deed.

One of her Sons even from a youth did dwell,
With Mr. Harriſon who loved him well,
And bred him up his Mother being poor,
But ſee how he requited him therefore.

For taking notice that his Maſter went,
Abroad to gather in his Ladies rent,
And by that means it was an uſual thing,
For him great ſtore of money home to bring.

He thereupon with his miſchevous mother,
And likewiſe with his vile ungodly Brother,
Contrib'd to rob his Maſter, for theſe baſe
And cruel wretches were paſt ſhame and grace.

One night they met him comming into Town,
And in a barbarous manner knockt him down,
Then taking all his money quite away,
His body out of ſight they did conbey.

But being all ſuſpected for this deed,
They apprehended were and ſent with ſpeed,
To Glouceſter Goal and there upon their Tryal,
Were guilty found for all their ſtiff denyal.

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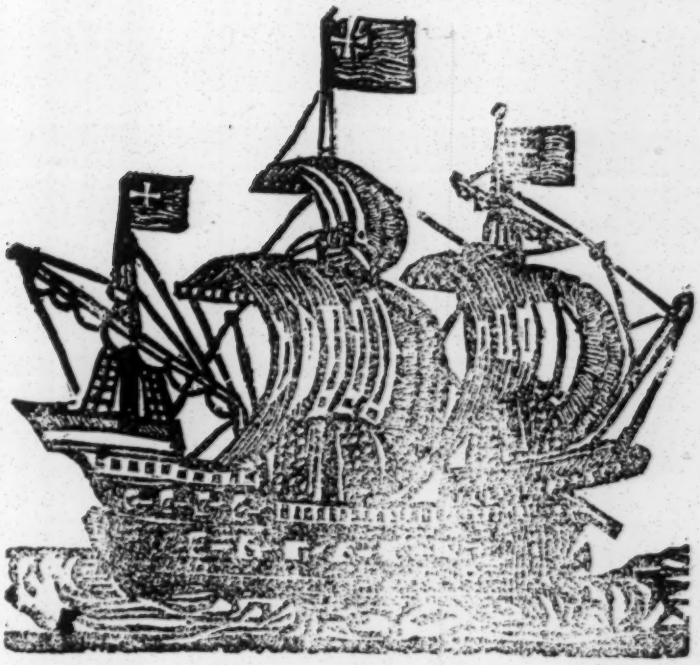

IT was ſuppoſed the Gentleman was dead,
And by theſe wretches robd and murthered,
Therefore they were all three condem'd to death,
And ſhe on Broadway-hill they loſt their breath.

One of the Sons was buried with his Mother,
Under the Gibbet, but the other Brother,
That ſerv'd the Gentleman was hang'd in Chains,
And there ſome part of him as yet remains.

But yet before they died they did proclaim
Even in the ears of thoſe that thither came,
That Mr. Hariſon yet living was
And would be found in leſs then ſeven years ſpace.

Which words of theirs for truth do now appear
For tis but two year ſince they hanged were,
And now the Gentleman alive is found
Which news is publiſht through the Countrys round

But leſt that any of this truth ſhall doubt,
Ile tell you how the buſineſs came about
This Widow Pery as tis plainly ſhown
Was then a Witch although it was not known.

So when theſe Villains by their mothers aid
Had knockt him down (even as before was ſaid)
They took away his money every whit,
And then his body caſt into a pit.

He ſcarce was come unto himſelf before
Another wonder did amaze him more,
For whilſt he lookt about, he found that he
Was ſuddainly conveyd unto the Sea.

First on the ſhore he ſtood a little ſpace
And thence unto a rock tranſported was,
Where he four days and nights did then remain
And never thought to ſee his friends again.

But as a Turkiſh ſhip was paſſing by
Some of the men the Gentleman did eſpy,
And took him in and as I underſtand,
They carried him into the Turkiſh Land.

And there (not knowing of his ſad diſaſter)
They quickly did provide for him a Maſter,
A Surgeon or of ſome ſuch like profeſſion,
Whoſe ſervice he performed with much diſcretion.

It ſeems in gathering Hearbs he had good skill,
And could the ſame exceeding well diſtil,
Which to his Maſter great content did give,
And pleaſ'd him well ſo long as he did live.

But he ſoon dyd, and at his death he gave him,
A piece of plate that ſo none ſhould enſlave him,
But that his liberty he might obtain,
To come into his native land again.

And thus this Gentleman his freedom wrought;
And by a Turky Ship from thence was brought;
To Portugal, and now both ſafe and ſound,
He is at length arrived on Engliſh ground.

Let not this ſeem incredible to any,
Becauſe it is a thing affirmed by many,
This is no feigned ſtory, though tis new,
But as tis very ſtrange tis very true.

You ſee how far a Witches power extends,
When as to wickedneſs her mind ſhe bends,
Great is her Police, yet can God reſtrain her,
And at his pleaſure let her looſe or chain her.

If God had let her work her utmoſt ſpight,
No doubt ſhe would have kild the man outright,
But he is ſaved and ſhe for all her malice,
Was very juſtly hang'd upon the Gallows.

Then let all praiſe to God alone be given,
By men on earth as by the Saints in heaven,
He by his mercy daily doth befriend us,
And by his power he will ſtill defend us.

London, Printed for *Charles Tyus* at the three Bibles on *London-Bridge*.
A:D: 1662.